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HAVOC



NOT TO MENTION THAT
NASTY LITTLE... THING!
WHAT IS IT, ANYWAY?

CHIRP!!

SKIT AND SCOOT USUALLY
WATCH OUR OFFICE WHEN WE'RE
AWAY. IT'S SCOOT'S BIRTHDAY,
SO HE GETS TO COME ALONG!

HMMPH! WELL. LET'S
GET BACK TO THE TOPIC
AT HAND, SHALL WE?

PLANET DE-NESHUREAL VI.
EARLY MORNING.

I **DO** HOPE I'M NOT BORING
YOU WITH MY TRIVIALITIES,
CAPTAIN DECK?



Jungle Voodoo

WHY ME? I'VE LED A GOOD LIFE. I'VE TRIED TO BE DECENT.

NO, COUNCILOR. IMAGINE MY SHEER DELIGHT AT HAVING YOU ABOARD AGAIN.

STORY: MARK BARNARD
ART: TERRIE SMITH
LETTERS: GLEN WOOTEN (ASSIST)

WELL, AFTER YOUR REFUND CHECK FOR MY FARE BOUNCED, I SAID TO MYSELF, 'NOW, HERE'S A BUSINESS THAT NEEDS A LITTLE REGULATING!' I CONTACTED THE TRADE AUTHORITIES, AND HERE I AM!

IT WAS FELT THAT WE MIGHT WANT TO ACTUALLY AUDIT ONE OF YOUR DELIVERIES, IN ORDER TO MAKE SURE YOU COMPLY FULLY WITH REGULATIONS.

OF COURSE, HAVING HAD PRIOR EXPERIENCE WITH HOW WELL YOU CARRY OUT YOUR DUTIES...

SNORT! MFF!

...I'M SURE PULLING YOUR PERMIT IS ONLY A MINOR TECHNICALITY!

AND THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR YOU, SWEETCAKES! I'VE REALLY GOT IT IN FOR YOU!

LADY BAD!

SQUEAK!

JINGLE!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, COUNCILOR. THIS IS A ROUTINE HAUL. WE JUST HAVE TO DELIVER A CASING OF HIGH TECH DRILLING GEAR TO THE MINING CENTER IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE. ON OUR WAY OUT, WE'LL BE HAPPY TO DROP YOU OFF AT THE SPACEPORT IN THE CAPITAL.

WITH LUCK, YOU'LL EVEN GET THERE BEFORE THE SHOPS CLOSE! YOU CAN DROWN YOUR SORROWS IN FRILLS AND LACE. OR BRASS KNUCKLES AND CHAINS.



WE'LL SEE. YOU STILL HAVE 400 MILES UNTIL YOU'RE OFF THE HOOK. I CAN AFFORD TO WAIT.

CHRIS, WE'RE COMING UP ON A PRE-PLOTTED BEACON SHIFT.

OH? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

MOST OF THE JUNGLE'S UNEXPLORED TERRITORY. WHEN THE MINING FIRMS MOVED IN, THEY DROPPED A SERIES OF AUTOMATIC SIGNAL BEACONS AT 50 MILE INTERVALS.

THAT'S RIGHT! I'M EVEN BRINGING HER IN AT HIGH ALTITUDE, SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT TURBULENCE. NOTHING CAN GO WRONG! SORRY FOR THE WASTED TRIP. YOU WILL MAKE A FAVORABLE REPORT TO THE AUTHORITIES?

THAT WAY, A SHIP COMING IN FROM ANY HORIZON CAN GET THEIR BEARINGS AND AUTOMATICALLY ADJUST TO AN ACCURATE APPROACH COURSE, REGARDLESS OF ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS OR TIME OF DAY.



CHECKLIST!

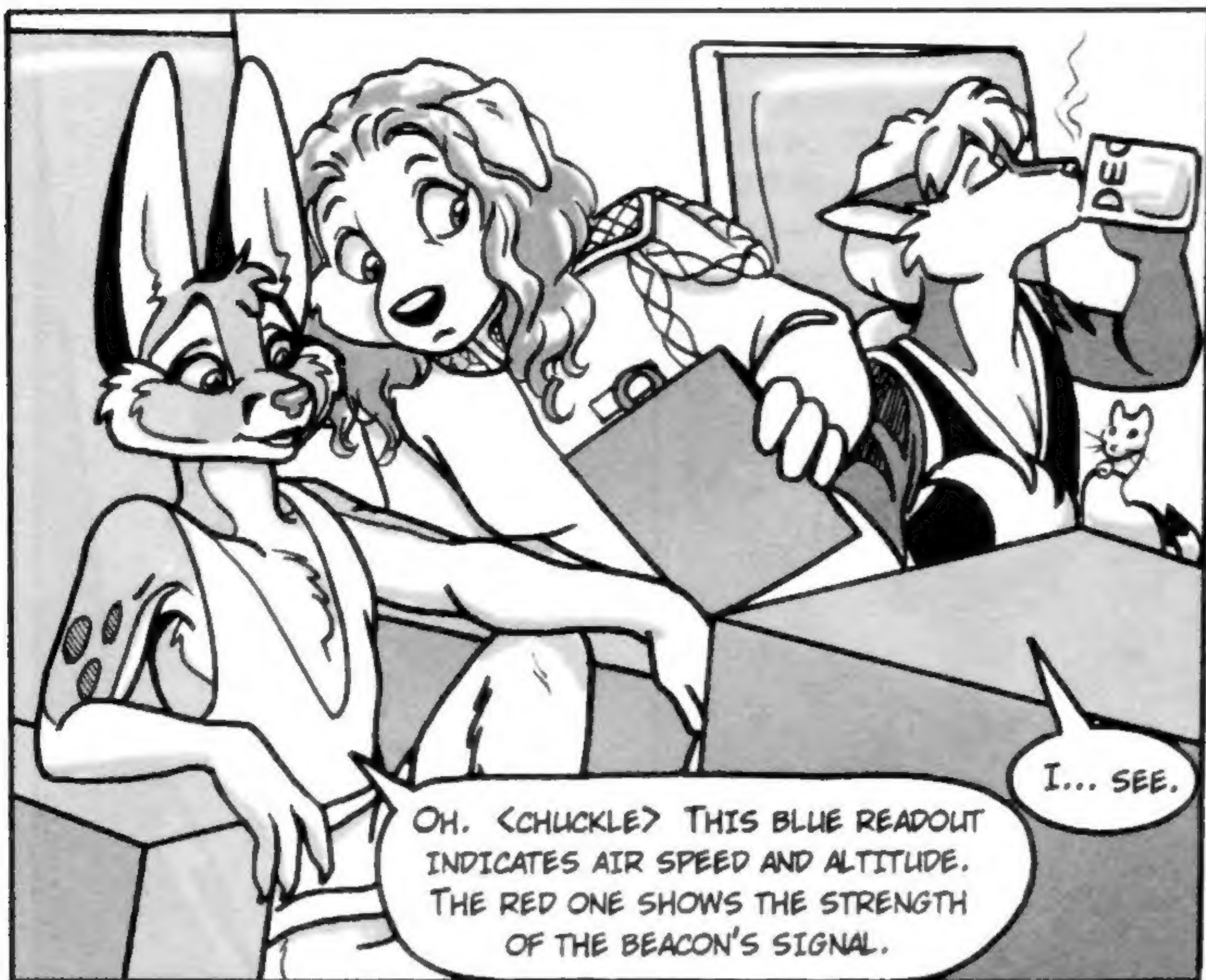
ALTITUDE 70,000 AND HOLDING.

PLOTTING TO NEW COURSE OF 0-1-2-2.

ROGER. IT'S SET.



THIS IS GOING TOO SMOOTHLY. YOU'RE MAKING ALL THIS UP! WHAT DO ALL THOSE INDICATORS MEAN?



OH. <CHUCKLE> THIS BLUE READOUT INDICATES AIR SPEED AND ALTITUDE. THE RED ONE SHOWS THE STRENGTH OF THE BEACON'S SIGNAL.

I... SEE.



WHAT'S THAT BLINKING RED LIGHT MEAN?



OH, THAT INDICATES THE MASTER CARGO POD'S LEFT THE HOLD.



RATE OF CARGO DESCENT, 50 FEET PER SECOND! AUTOMATIC RETROS CUTTING IN AND SLOWING IT! AT LEAST IT'S NOT TUMBLING! MUCH.



OF COURSE NOT! ER, IS THAT POSITION READING 0-1-2-2 OR 0-1-2-4? I'D LIKE TO BE COMPLETELY ACCURATE AT THE HEARING.



CHRIS? IT'S GOING DOWN IN A SMALL CLEARING ABOUT 20 MILES WEST OF HERE.

STILL ON A CONTROLLED DESCENT?

YEP!



THAT'S SOMETHING, AT LEAST.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

BRINGING THE SHIP ABOUT. IF WE RECOVER THE CARGO UNDAMAGED AND COMPLETE THE DELIVERY, THE BUREAU OF MINING OPERATIONS'LL MAKE ALLOWANCES FOR FAULTY EQUIPMENT.



I HOPE YOU AREN'T REFERRING TO ME!

QUIET, ORB. RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE THIS CLOSE TO BECOMING AN ASHTRAY...

OH, FINE! THREATEN THE HIRED HELP! WELL, YOU CAN JUST HANDLE THE RETRIEVAL YOURSELF. I'M GOING OFF-LINE!

SUITS ME! CHES, BRING US DOWN TO 10,000 FEET!



UH-OH.



I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO ASK, BUT WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN.

THE CLEARING IS ONLY ABOUT 20 FEET ACROSS. THERE'S NO ROOM TO SET THE SHIP DOWN THERE.



GREAT. HOW ABOUT USING THE SHUTTLE?

SCOOT HELP?



JUNGLE'S TOO DENSE. SORRY, SCOOT!



HMMPH.

SOOO, JUST HOW CLOSE TO THE POD CAN WE SET DOWN?



THERE'S A SPOT ON THE RIVERBANK, ABOUT 40 MILES INLAND.

OOOO! THIS JUST ISN'T YOUR DAY, BOYS!



THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?



'FRAID SO! CHEER UP! YOU'LL LOVE THE JUNGLE -- A PLACE OF MYSTERY AND STRANGE SOUNDS. DANGER LURKING BEHIND EVERY TREE IN THE PALE MOONLIGHT. THE BEATING OF STRANGE DRUMS...



MAYBE THERE'LL EVEN BE HEAD HUNTERS! OHHHH, THE TALES I COULD TELL!



CHESTER!

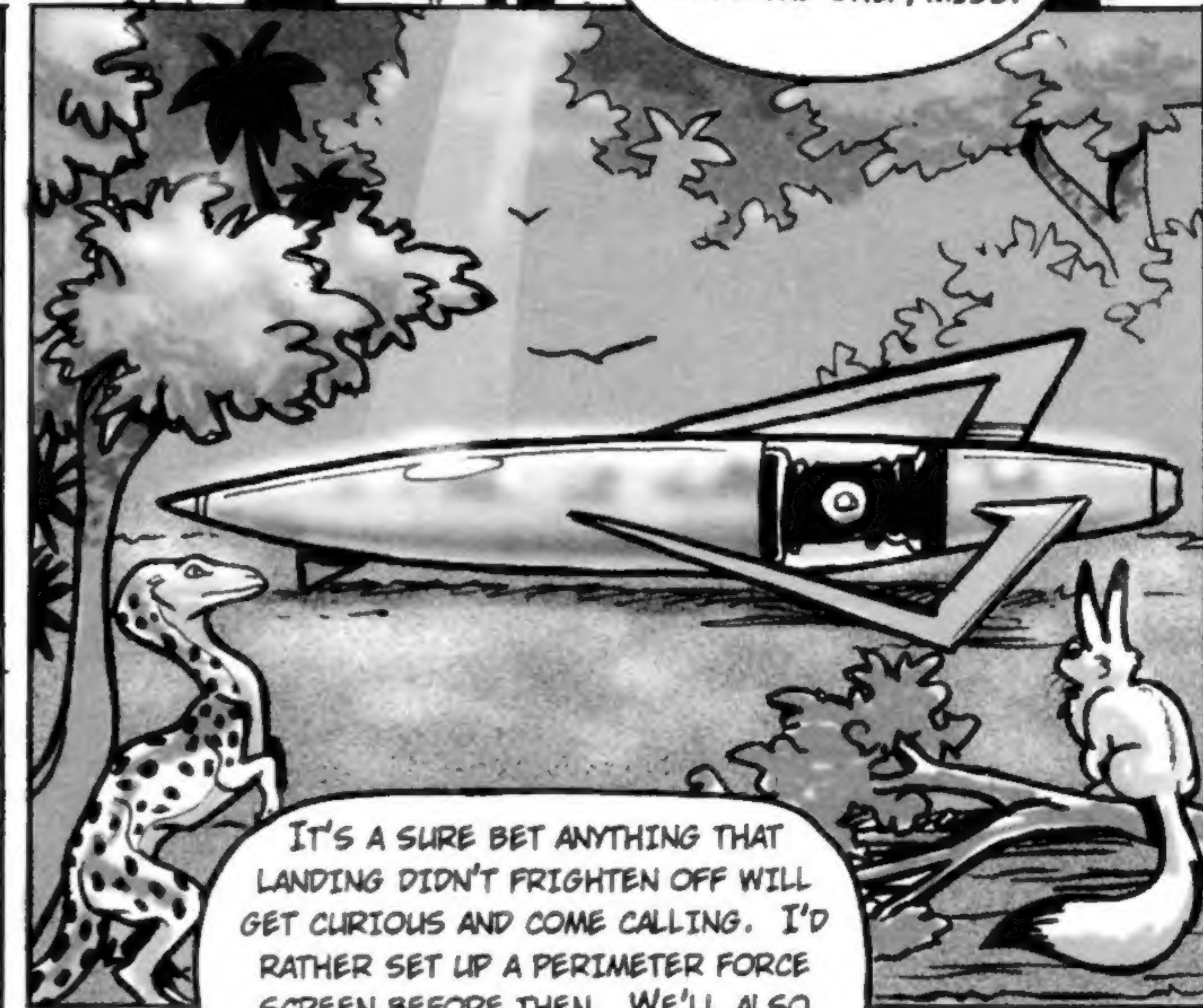


I CAN HARDLY WAIT, WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY. HANG ON, PEOPLE. WE'RE GOING DOWN.



SHUTTING DOWN THE MAIN DRIVE, CHRIS.

CHECK. WAIT A MINUTE FOR THE COMPENSATORS TO LEVEL THE SHIP, MISS.



IT'S A SURE BET ANYTHING THAT LANDING DIDN'T FRIGHTEN OFF WILL GET CURIOUS AND COME CALLING. I'D RATHER SET UP A PERIMETER FORCE SCREEN BEFORE THEN. WE'LL ALSO NEED TO TAKE READINGS ON THE SPOT WHERE THE CARGO POD CAME DOWN.



WELL, WE'D BETTER GET THE LAY OF THE LAND BEFORE ANYONE OUT THERE GETS THE DROP ON US. SCOOT, HOLD THE FORT.

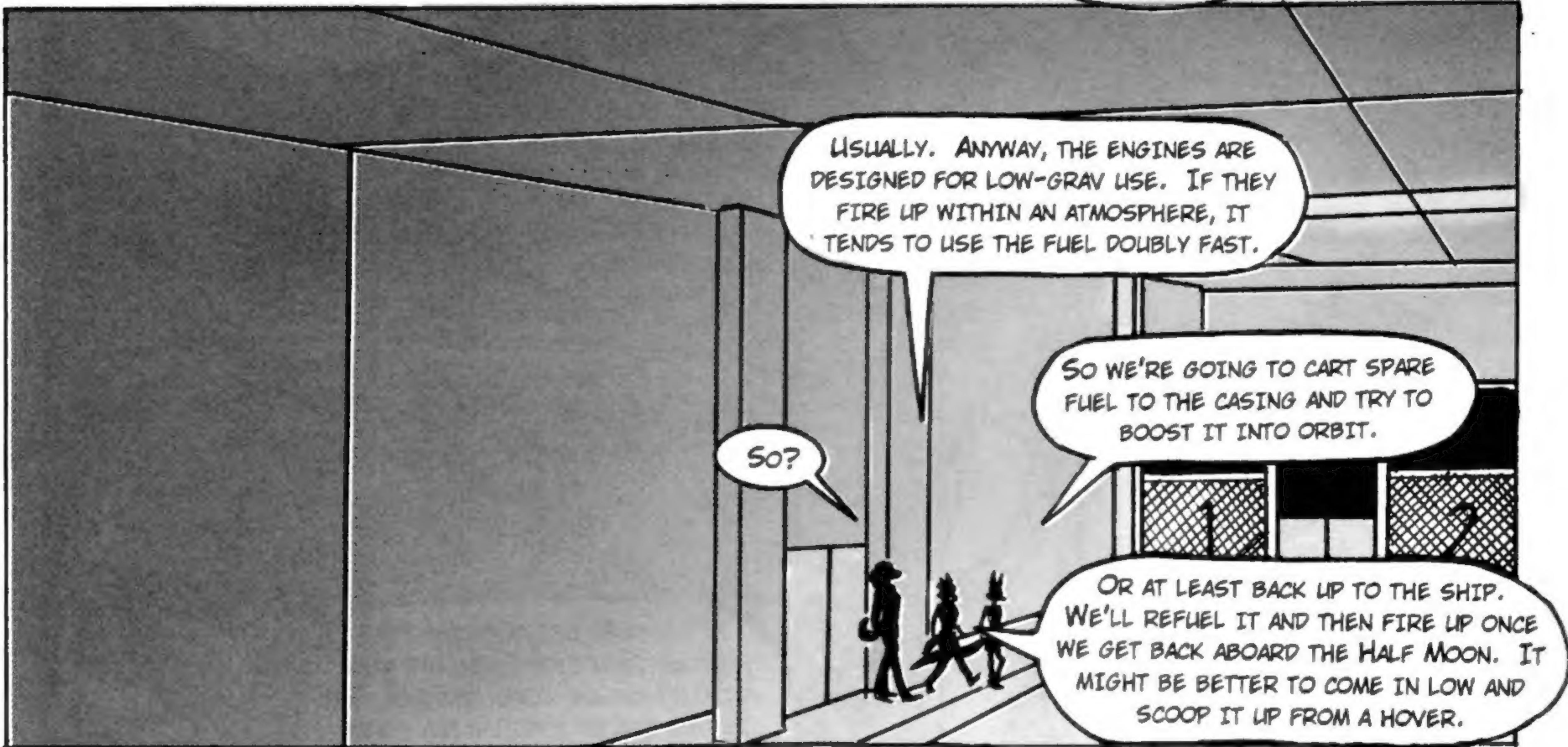
SCOOT PROTECT SHIP! NOBODY PASS!

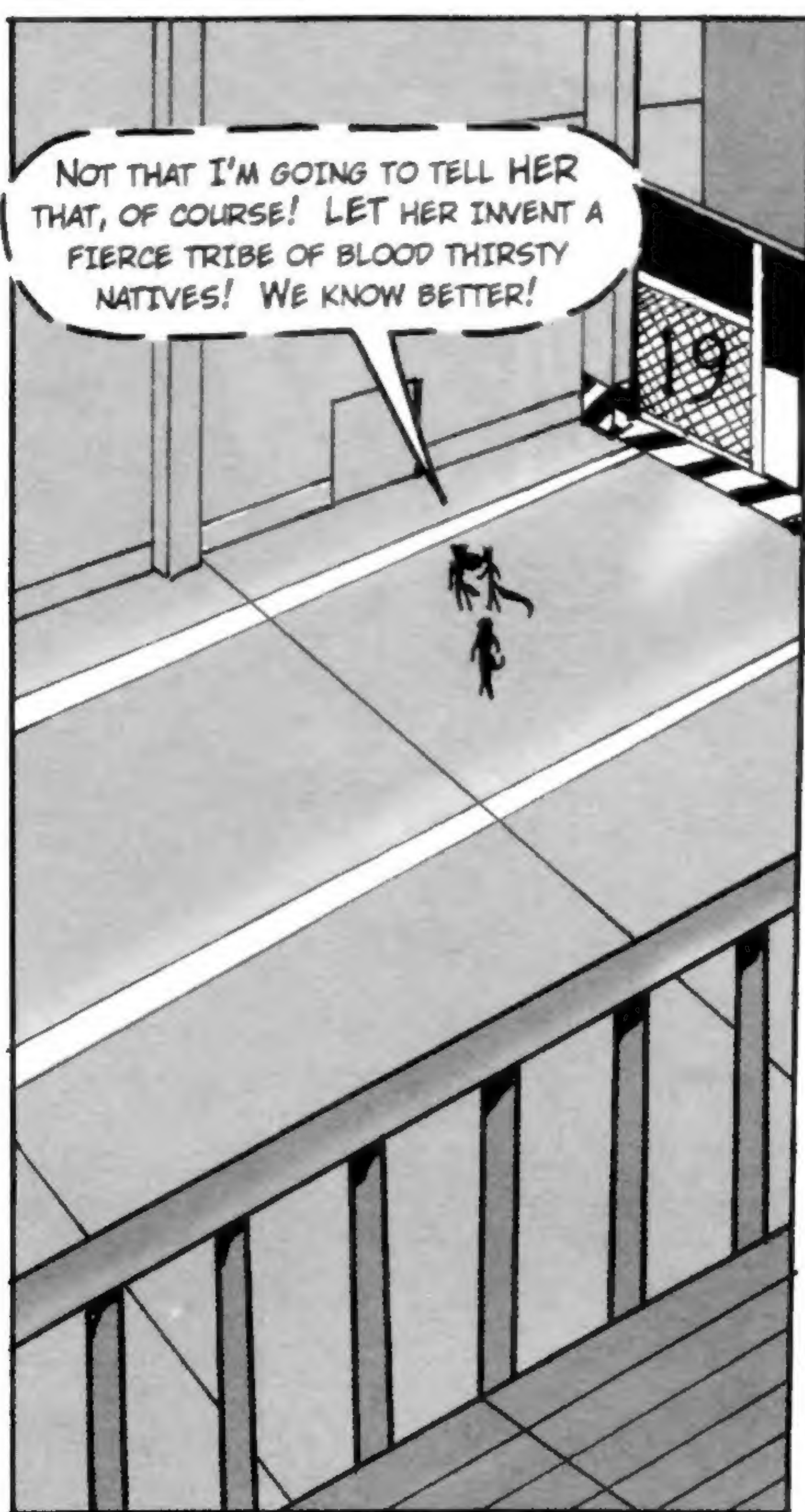
ATTA' BOY! MAKE YOUR 'FIERCE' FACE, SCOOT!



YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO GO CROSS-COUNTRY?

SWEETHEART, TO FOIL YOUR LITTLE HOPES AND DREAMS, I'D WALK A MILLION MILES!

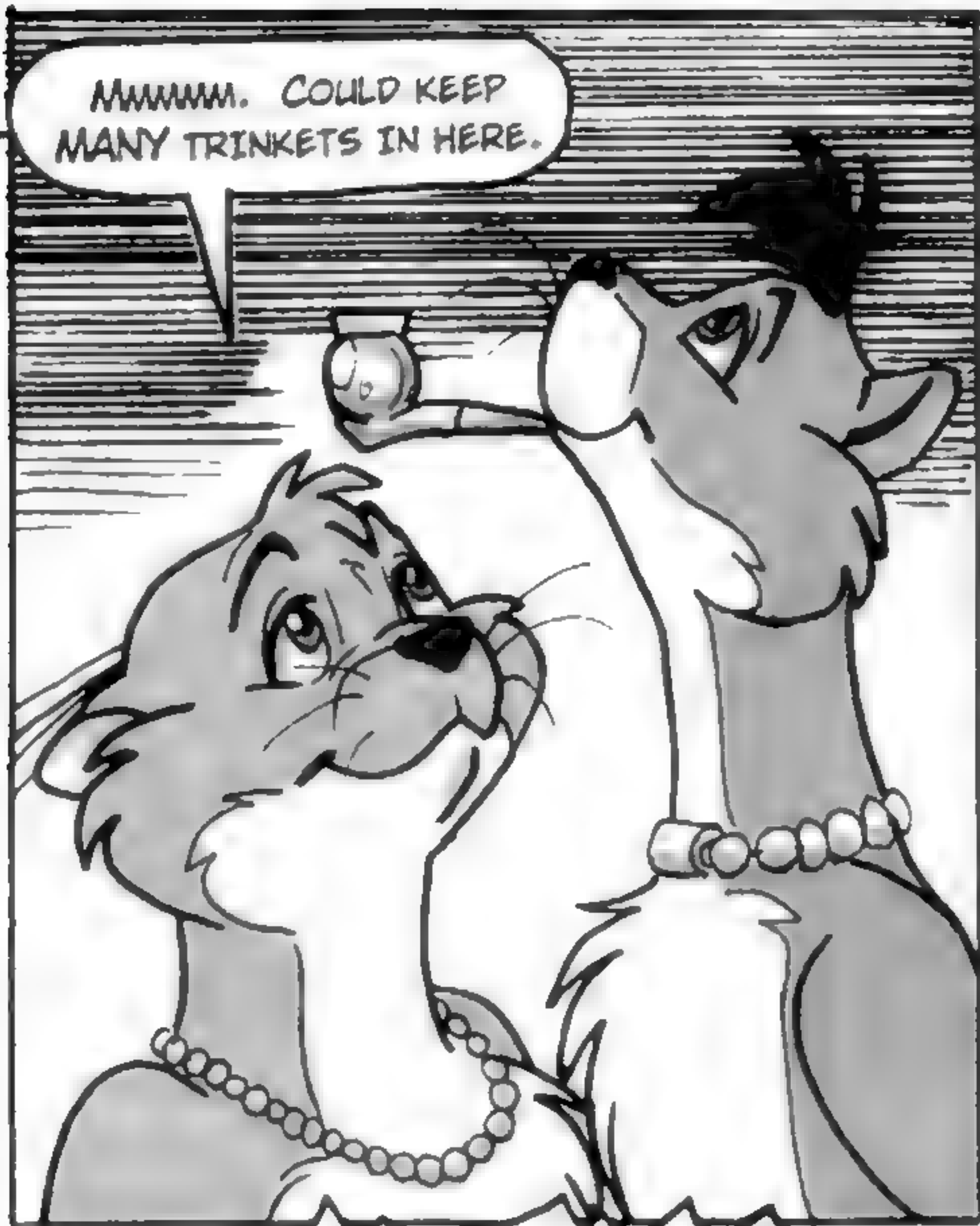






FRIENDLY NATIVES.
LET'S KEEP THEM
THAT WAY!





WE HELP FOR GEEGAWs.
IF GEEGAWs ARE
GOOD GEEGAWs.

IS GREAT GEEGAW GOOD
AS GOOD GEEGAW? WE
NOT HELP IF ISN'T.

WHY GOD MAKE
RUMBLY NOISES?

GRRR

GREAT MEANS
'BEST GOOD'.
UNDERSTAND?

THEY'RE GREAT
GEEGAWs! NOW, CAN WE
ALL PLEASE JUST GET
ON WITH OUR LIVES?!

LORD, GIVE
ME STRENGTH.

CHESTER, PLEASE
HANDLE THIS!

OH, IS OKAY, THEN.
WHAT GODs WANT
FOR PRETTIES?

WE GODs ARE SEARCHING
FOR A FLAMING SKY STONE,
WHICH WOULD HAVE COME
DOWN IN THE JUNGLE IN
THAT DIRECTION.

WE SAW SKY STONE
GOD SPEAKS OF!

GREAT! THEN WE NEED
YOU TO LEAD US THERE,
SO WE CAN RECOVER OUR
MISSING MAGIC SKYSTONE!

UH, GODs?

NO CAN GO THERE.
HEAD HUNTERS. VERY
NASTY PLACE FOR RIVER
PEOPLE TO GO.

PERFECT! I KNEW
THIS WOULDN'T WORK!

WAIT, CHRIS. I WANT
TO TRY SOMETHING.







OH-HH! THIS JUST GETS BETTER AND BETTER! I'M SO GLAD I BROUGHT MY CAMERA!

OH, NO YOU DON'T!



YOU CAN ALL FORGET IT. I'M NOT WEARING A DRESS!

IS NOT DRESS! IS CEREMONIAL WRAP! VERY FETCHING!



UH-UH. NO WAY! FORGET IT, PAL! I KNOW A DRESS WHEN I SEE ONE!



SOMEBODY JUST SHOOT ME!

THERE IS NO WAY I'M GOING TO WEAR THAT DRESS! THAT'S IT! NO! FINITO!

WELL, THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT IF WE SLATHER YOUR TAIL WITH MOUSSE, I DON'T THINK IT'LL HAVE TO GO!

NOW WE HAVE TO PAINT YOUR NAILS PINK!





THAT DOES IT!
EVERYBODY OUT!
SHOW'S OVER!
BEAT IT!

IF I ABSOLUTELY HAVE
TO WEAR THIS STUPID
GET-UP, I'LL WAIT TO
THE LAST POSSIBLE
MINUTE. I'M NOT
GOING TO HAVE EVERYONE
LAUGHING AT ME!



HUH? NOW
WHAT WAS THAT?

FLASH!



PROBABLY JUST NERVES.
HEADHUNTERS, DRESSES...!
I JUST WANT TO GET THIS
ALL OVER WITH!

FUNNY, I COULD HAVE
SWORN I SAW A FLASH
OF LIGHT.



ALL RIGHT.
IS EVERYONE READY?

THE OTTERS HAVE WORKED UP A
ROUGH MAP. I THINK WE CAN GET
THERE, THOUGH IT'S NOT AN EASY
ROUTE. THAT'S WHY I LOADED UP
THE HOVERCRAFT.



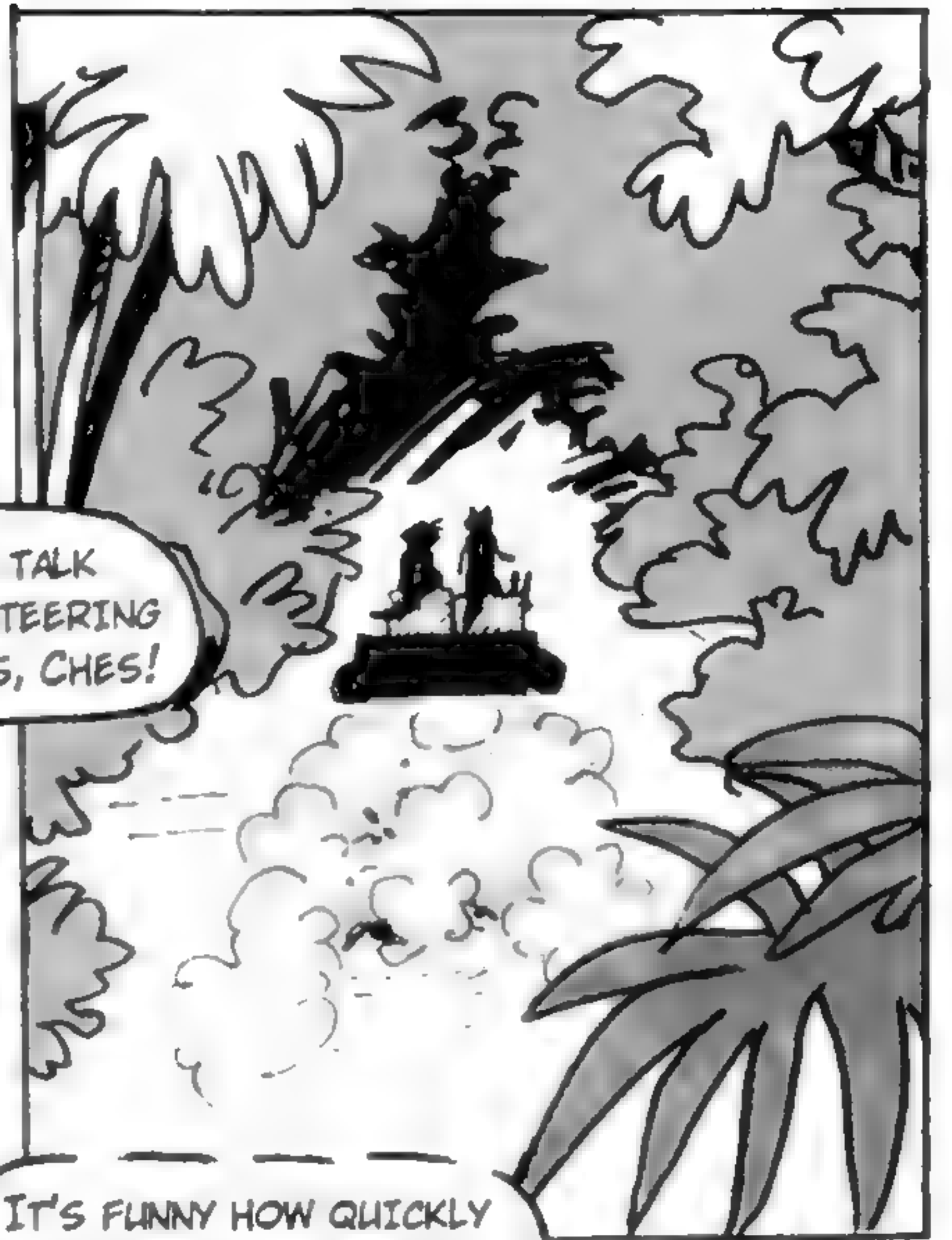
SOUNDS GOOD. IT
SHOULD CUT DAYS
OFF THE TREK.

EVERYONE
HOLD ON!



IT'D REALLY BE NO TROUBLE FOR ME TO DRIVE!

WE'VE GOT TO TALK ABOUT THIS VOLUNTEERING COMPLEX OF YOURS, CHES!



IT'S FUNNY HOW QUICKLY THEY REACHED THE SHIP. WHAT IF THEY'RE HEAD HUNTERS, AND THIS IS ALL A TRAP?

THE THOUGHT DID OCCUR TO ME.



YOU KNOW, CHRIS, SOMETHING OCCURS TO ME.



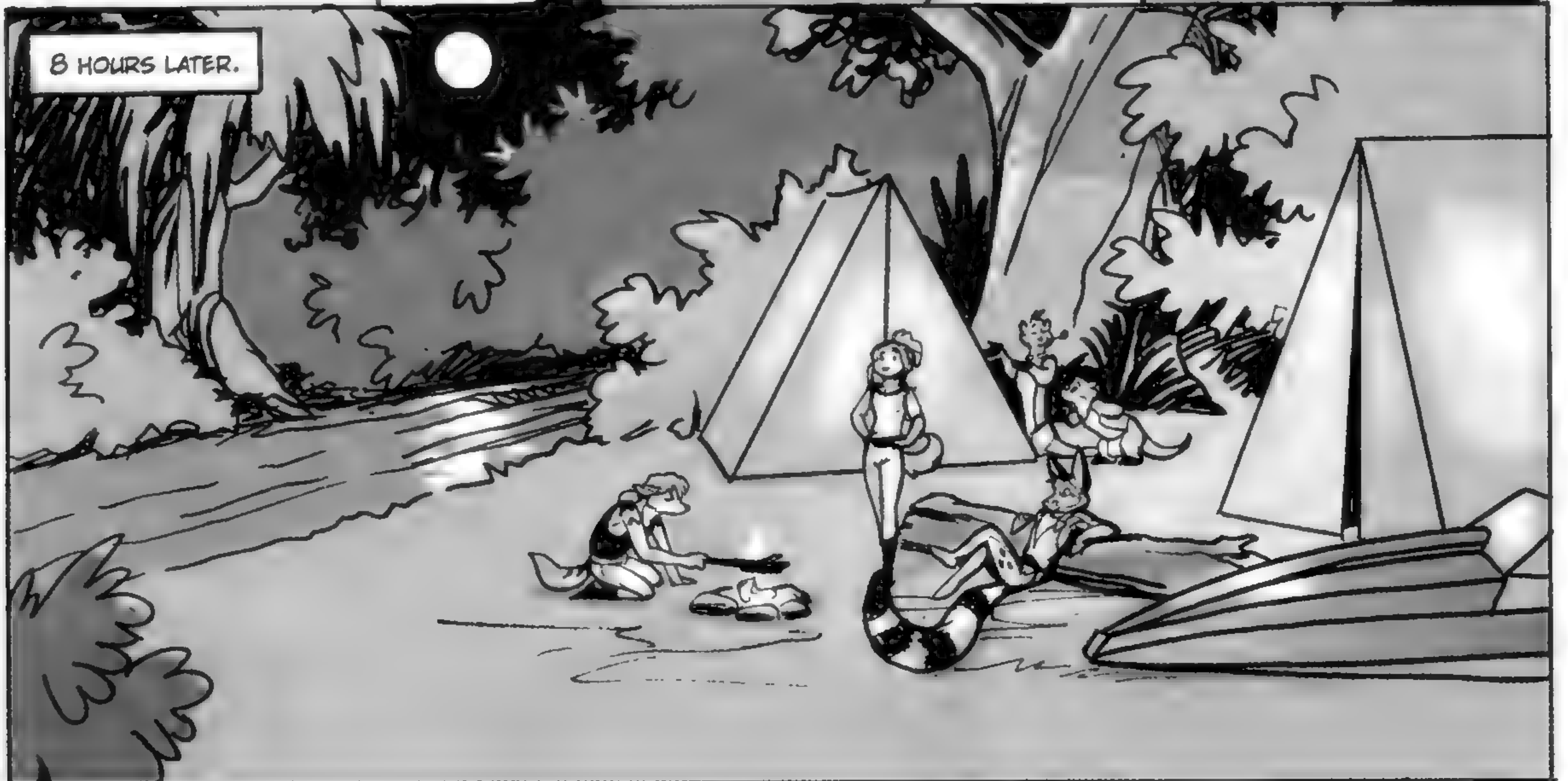
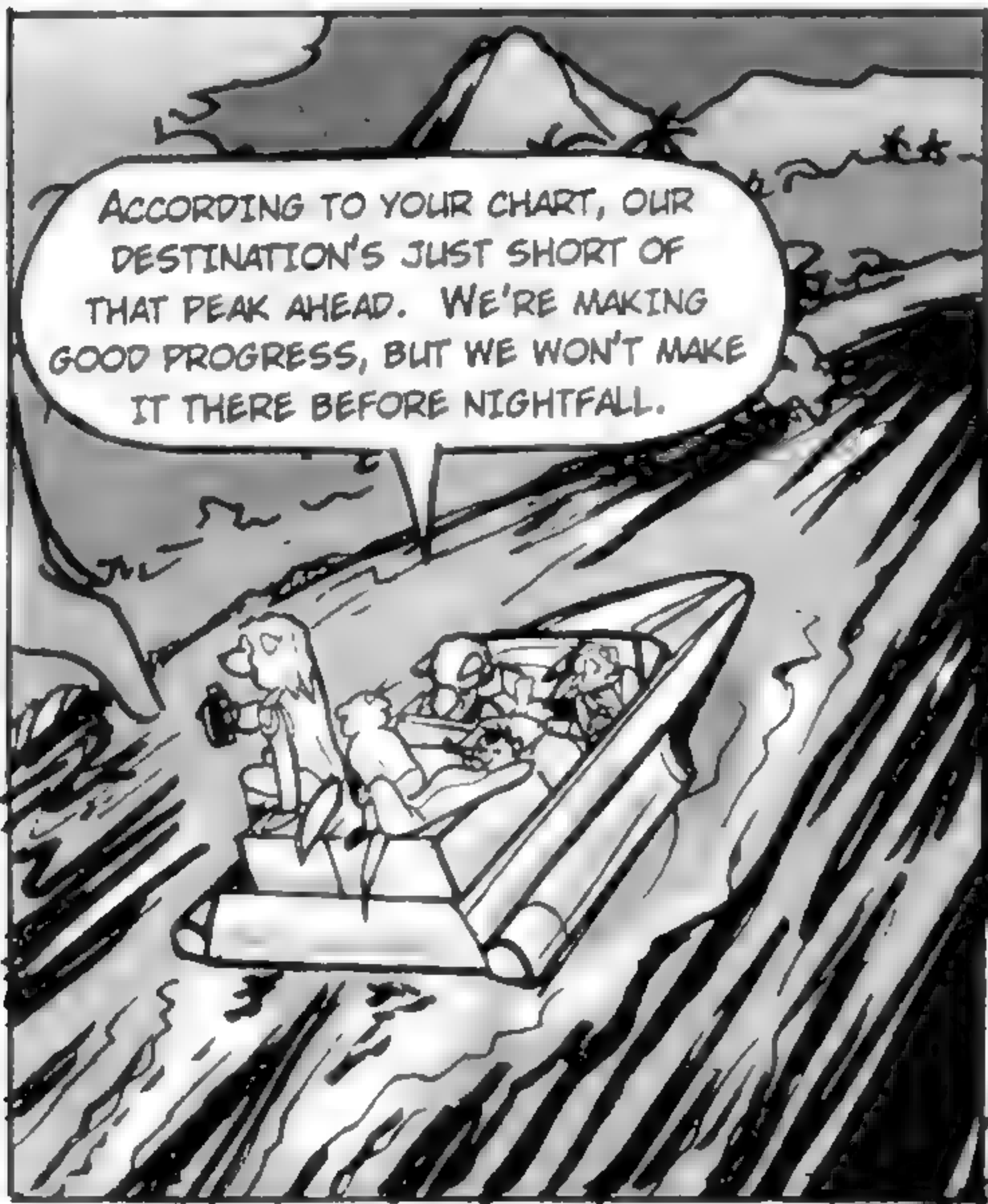
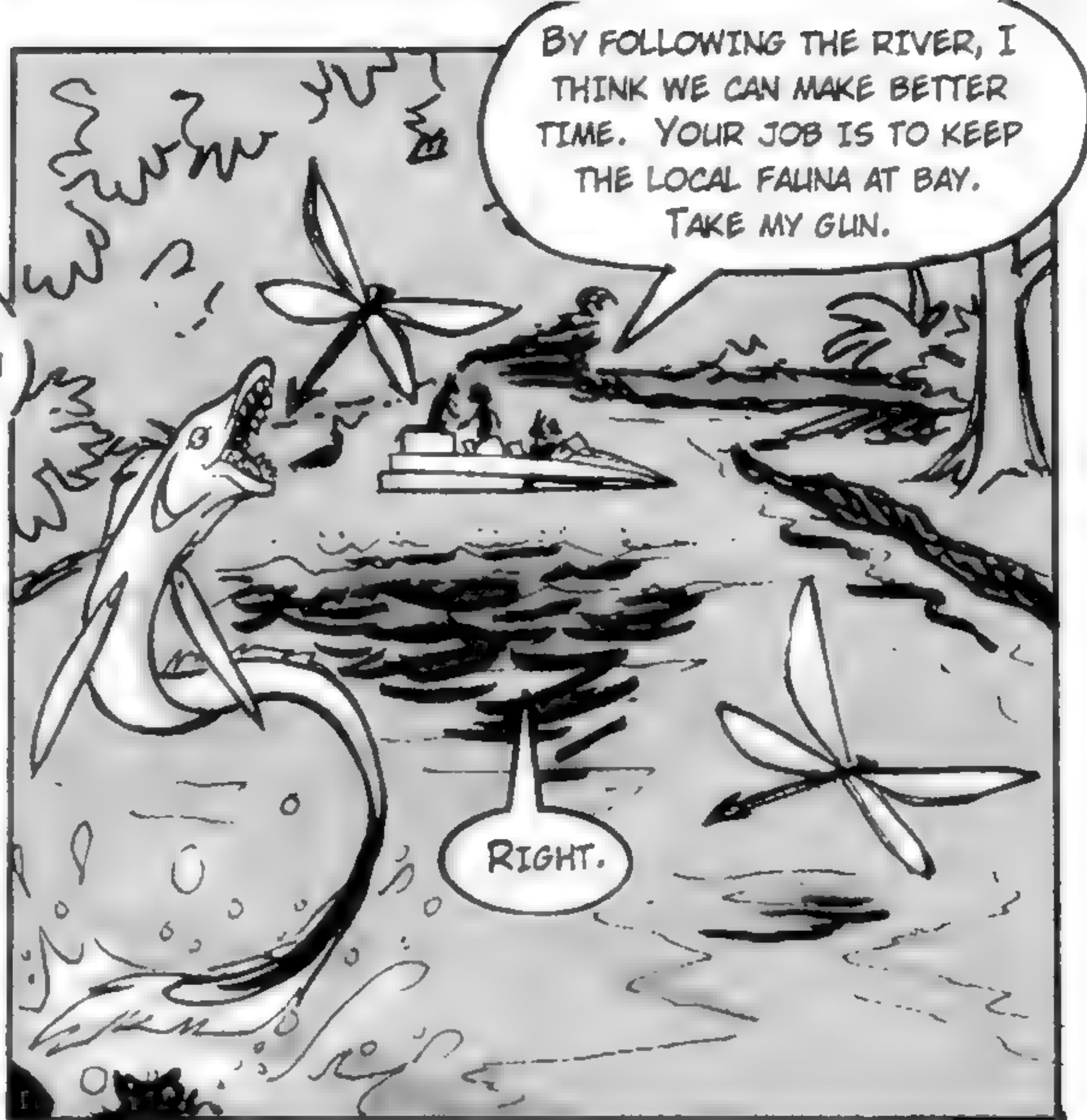
WHAT DO WE DO, IF THAT'S THE CASE?

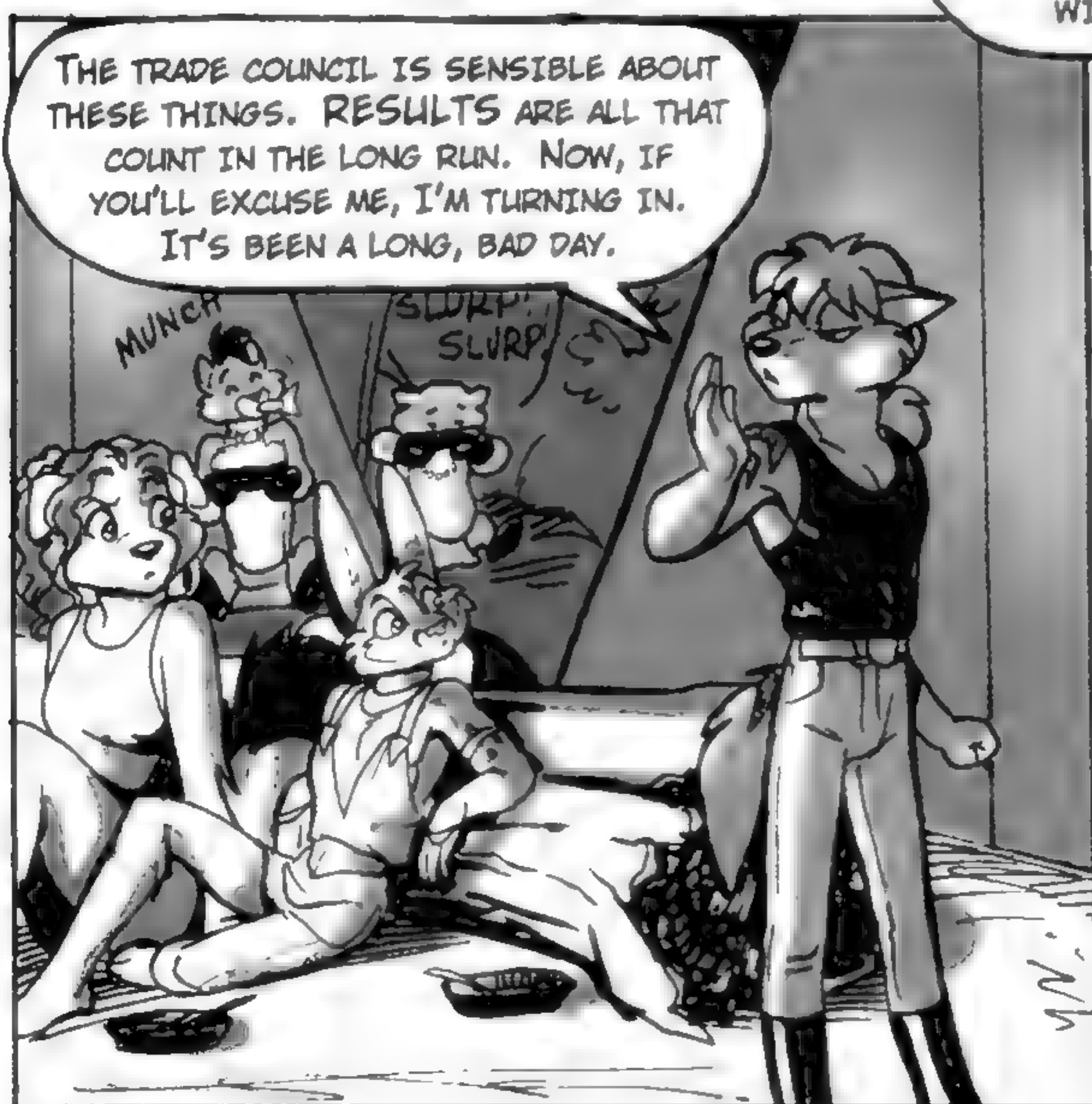


WE GIVE THEM THE COUNCILOR, OF COURSE.



OKAY, OKAY! JUST KIDDING. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN. AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE, WE'RE OUT OF HERE.









RIP





WHAT THE...?!

HOLD ON!! WHERE'S THE GUN?!
WHERE'D YOU STOW THE MACHETE??



I...FORGET! J-JUST...HIT
IT...WITH ANYTHING!





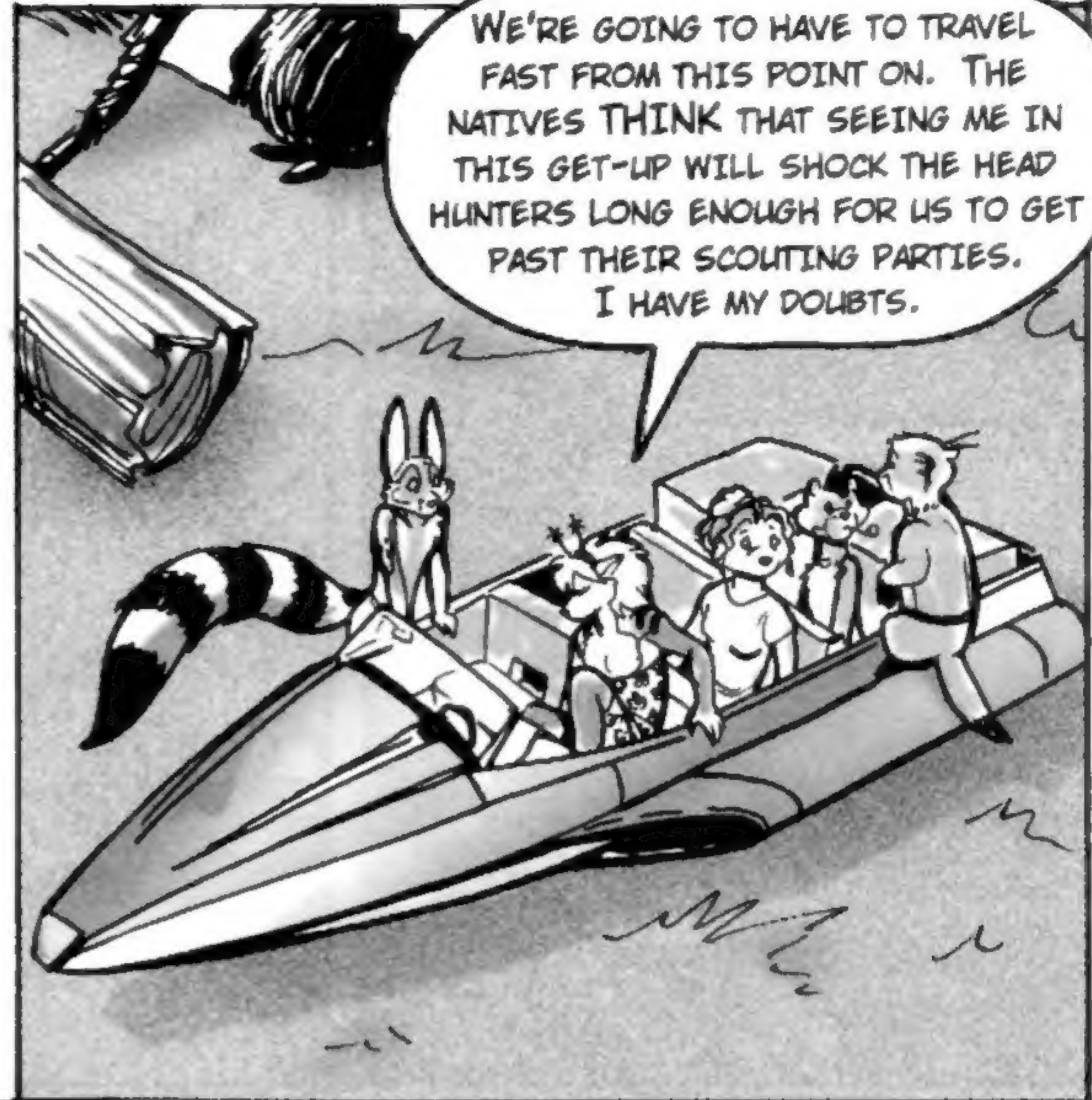






FORGET THE HEAVY STUFF, CHES. WE'RE PULLING OUT NOW AND LEAVING EVERYTHING BUT THE FUEL TANKS.

IS THAT WISE?



WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TRAVEL FAST FROM THIS POINT ON. THE NATIVES THINK THAT SEEING ME IN THIS GET-UP WILL SHOCK THE HEAD HUNTERS LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET PAST THEIR SCOUTING PARTIES. I HAVE MY DOUBTS.



CHRIS AND I DISCUSSED IT LAST NIGHT. WE'RE NOT GOING BACK!

SO, OH ALL-KNOWING GOD, HOW CAN WE GET BACK WITHOUT SUPPLIES? PARTICULARLY THROUGH HOSTILE TERRITORY?



WHAT?!



IT'S FASTEST AND, I HOPE, SAFEST TO MAKE A DIRECT SWITCH TO THE HALF MOON.

BUT HOW?

EASY! WE'LL REFUEL THE CARGO POD, SUMMON THE HALF MOON BY REMOTE CONTROL, THEN RIDE THE POD UP INTO THE HOLD.



ONE OF HIS IDEAS, I PRESUME?



YOU HAVE ANY BETTER IDEAS TO OFFER?



GOOD LORD!

I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL. SAY SOMETHING GODLY, AND MAKE IT GOOD!

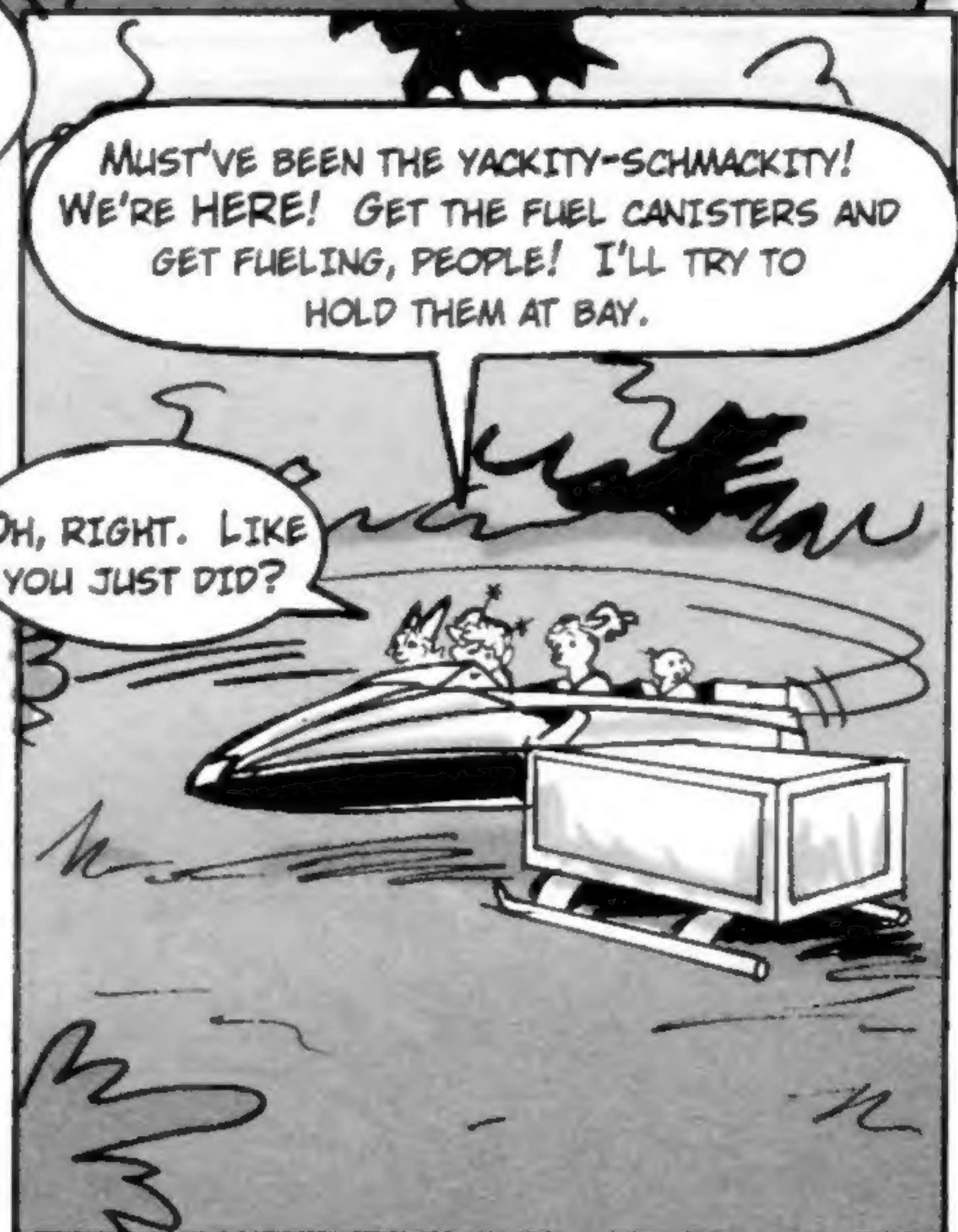
HO-MY-PEOPLE-AS-I-GAZE-OUT-AT-THIS-SEA-OF-SCOWLING-FACES-I-JUST-WANT-TO-SAY-YACKITY-SCHMACKITY-BLAAH-DE-BLAAH-GOT-TO-GO-NOW!.



THINK THAT'LL HOLD 'EM?

MORE LIKE YOU WHIPPED THEM INTO A FRENZY! THEY'RE RUNNING AFTER US LIKE MADMEN!

WHAT DID YOU SAY?!?!



MUST'VE BEEN THE YACKITY-SCHMACKITY! WE'RE HERE! GET THE FUEL CANISTERS AND GET FUELING, PEOPLE! I'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM AT BAY.

OH, RIGHT. LIKE YOU JUST DID?



ARE THEY GONE?

YEP! LIKE A SHOT. ANOTHER
BRILLIANT SNOW JOB! TAKING
AUTOMATIC CONTROL OF THEIR
CARGO LOADER WAS
SHEER GENIUS!



YEP! WITH THIS 'NATIVE GOD
AND HEAD HUNTERS' BIT, WE'LL
HAVE THE TOURISTS CLAMORING
TO COME HERE IN A FEW
MORE WEEKS!



LAPTOP TIME. TIME TO COME
UP WITH THE NEW GOD FOR
THE NEXT VISITORS.

I ACHE ALL OVER.
GOT ANY LINEAMENT?

LET'S MAKE THIS
ONE REALLY SILLY!

OKAY, THE CARGO'S
SAFELY ABOARD. LET'S
JUST DELIVER IT AND WE
CAN GO OUR SEPARATE
WAYS.



ME FOR
A NAP!

